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Dangers in the dark



179 3 12

Chapter 1 by Charles RadWhale

Some people do not fear the dark. They call the fear childish, mundane. They mock those who scurry away from shadowy alleys and unlit rooms.

They do not know what lurks in waiting. The good monsters hide away, but the bad come out to play.

That's what my mother used to tell me anyway. Every night she'd tuck me in, and quietly whisper in the hopes my father wouldn't hear. He didn't until one dark night where the moon was nowhere in sight.

"You whore, what are you lying about now?!" He had yelled. She could not answer though. His fist in her stomach had stopped any flow of words. He threw her against the wall. "Answer me!"

She crumpled to the floor leaving a crimson streak across the wall. I screamed.

That was ten years ago.

Now I know better than to worry about the dark. The real monster leaves it.

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Chapter 2

I might like that one with
the lights on, trying to get away from the dark.

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Tonight was one of those nights, where the monsters from the movie I watch pale in comparison to those I have met in real life.

That night, 10 years ago I promised my mother and myself that I would never allow one of those monsters in my life again. But I couldn't believe that I would break my promise so quickly.

The first monster in my life wasn't exactly my choice. I **had** to go with him, he WAS my father. After my mother's burial it was with him I had to go home to. I became his slave. He wouldn't touch me because he said that I was a whore just like my mother, but I had to do everything he told me to.

During school hours and in the afternoon when I was alone it was great. I would do whatever I wanted, whenever. But when darkness came, that monster came home. As the years passed he would come home later and later...staying more at the bar and with his "women" more and more.

After five years of fear I couldn't be happier to wake up and discover he hadn't come home at all. I was even happier when the police told me the monster had killed himself, drunk driver met a brick wall face first. I wanted to jump with happiness but had to play the part.

I was seventeen then and since the so-called house had been bought by that monster I could choose to live there with financial help from the government or go to a foster home until I turned eighteen.

That night I slept like I hadn't slept in the last five years, with all the lights of the house on, on my bed, alone and with the relief that I wouldn't have to deal with that monster anymore.

Chapter 3 by Michelle Bickman



The peace continued for five years. Five blissful years of no yelling, screaming, name calling, drunken stupors, late night face bashings. I got used to uninterrupted sleep.

One night I awoke in a terror. There was someone in the house. The lamp I always keep on was

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I reached the kitchen and called 911.

"Hello, what is your emergency," the dispatch operator said.

"I need the police," I whispered. " Someone is in my house." "241 Westerbrook Lane."

"We'll send someone right over." She said.

I ran out of the house.

Chapter 4 by B00MSLANG



I didn't have any place to go, so my best option would be to wait for the police. I ran and crouched down behind my neighbor tree facing my house.

From there I heard the unmistakable sounds of doors slamming and for some reason, my toilet flushing.

The police arrived 15 min later. I told my story to officer steve, while a canine unit and 5 officers walked into my house. After about 45 min of waiting, they came to tell me their report.

There was no traces of forced entry, or tampering with the back door. Stranger yet, the door in my bedroom was turned on.

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